

The Children's Newspaper, March 28, 1942

# OUR GIBRALTARS CAN FALL

How often we have looked at the map of the world and thrilled with pride to see the British Empire in red. Its flag waved on every wind. Its ships sailed on every sea. Its people pursued their tranquil lives on every continent. In every group of four or five people in the world, one looked to the flag for his security.

And what of our far-flung Empire now? Where is our pomp of yesterday?

## Pride Lies Low

Not a man in all the earth was there ten years ago who would have believed what we see now. Our sea power has lost half of the world. Old allies have become traitors and old friends have failed. Tragedies too great for words have befallen us. The pride of the Englishman lies low.

We built up dominions unparalleled in the world. We gave our peoples freedom and opportunity. We spent more money on one of our fortresses than on all our cathedrals. All our lives it has seemed to us that nothing could break the power of the British Empire. It was as safe as the Rock of Gibraltar, men said.

BUT well we know at last that our Gibaltars can fall. One by one the Gibaltars of Freedom have crumbled before our eyes—Crete, Hong Kong, Singapore, Java, the Burma Road, Rangoon; Australia is menaced; the barbarians are at the gate of India; our ocean highways are imperilled. What next?

Is it to be Kipling's passing bell:

*Far-called our navies melt away,  
On dune and headland sinks the fire,  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre?*

Or is it to be the solemn testing-time of a nation out of which will grow an empire and a glory greater and greater yet? We are being shaken up, said a note in our postbag this week from the rectory of Francis Drake's father in Kent, and well we know how Drake would have taken this shaking—he who went round the world with his fiddle and his Bible, safe in his serenity and in his faith in God.

## Watch

He would have taken it as a witness that there was something wrong in us, and something wrong there is. We have trusted as a nation too much to our own proud strength. We spent sixty millions on Singapore and thought nothing could touch it. We were so stirred by the sense of our prestige in the world that we felt ourselves impregnable. We thought freedom was enough, and, having made our empire free, we neglected it. Many times in these columns we have asked if we are worthy of so great a trust as one quarter of the earth and one quarter of mankind, and it is true that parts of the empire have been neglected almost to death.

WE have had ever before us the conception of Freedom and have spread it to the ends of the earth, but it is not enough in a world which does not share our great ideal. We have not looked to the New Testament for common sense and practical politics, yet they are there, and do we not feel now that Our Lord's words on the Mount of Olives would have saved us from much of this humiliation:

*If the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up.*

It is to our eternal honour that we are not a war-loving people and are never ready when it comes; yet we cannot afford, we "whose mailed hand keeps the keys of such teeming destinies," to leave the world to the mercy of any lurking barbarism that would overthrow it. Those of us who thought the time for World Peace had come, who were willing to disarm to set the world a high example, have seen how wrong we were. Not yet has any community on earth become so civilised as to dispense with its police; how then can we expect that nations should dispense with armies that police the world?

## The Precipice of Disarmament

History will say that we tried. We came to the edge of the precipice in disarming ourselves; with the result that the wolves lurking outside our gates sharpened their teeth and claws. It was nothing to them that millions of men had perished to drive war off the earth and that the Allies had promised to honour their memory and disarm.

We felt secure and slept. We turned back to party politics the moment the last war was over. We struck a fatal blow at the liberal spirit in politics which would have saved mankind; a melancholy reflection it must be today for the Hitlers of European Liberalism in 1919. We neglected our defences. We trusted in our victories. We allowed our security to crumble. We paid millions of men to be idle and let them forget their cunning. We allowed our skilled workmen to fret and fume with nothing to do. We abandoned our great plans of reconstruction. Parliament lagged for years while the life of the nation slowed down and the genius of our people lost something of its ancient touch. The very foundations of society deteriorated, while all the time, unknown to the masses of the nation and unbelievably by them when they were told, the seeds of revenge were being sown in Berlin, in Tokyo, and in Rome.

WE must blame our Parliament, no doubt, and our Governments, and we must blame ourselves; but indeed it is of little use to blame us for the past. Let us watch that we are not blamed for the future. We have been deceived and have trusted those not to be trusted, and the end of it is the bitterest humiliation this nation has known since Charles Stuart's son dragged Cromwell's England from the height of the world to the depths of the gutter.

## The Man Who Sold England

Even this black hour cannot compare with that, for Charles the Second had sold the kingdom to the King of France, had betrayed the Church, had let the Navy rot so that the Dutch sailed up the Medway and burned our ships at Chatham. While Charles's friends were making fortunes our sailors were perishing of hunger, our dockyards were unguarded, our ships were leaking and had no rigging, and for the first and last time an enemy's guns were heard in London. It was proposed that the Tower itself should be abandoned. After all this came the Plague and the Fire, yet it was not enough to warn the nation of its sins. This country has

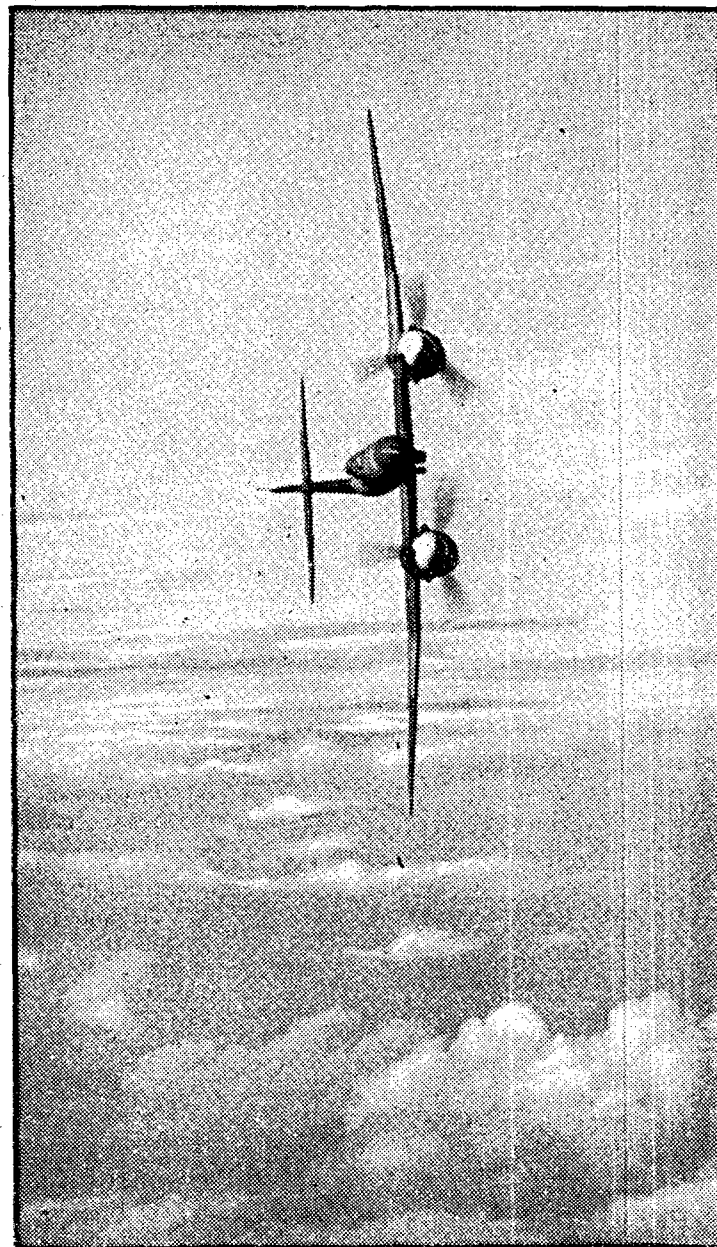
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

No 1201

3d

POSTAGE  
Inland 1d  
Abroad 4d

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE



## Whirlwind Above the Clouds

This striking picture shows one of the R A F's new Whirlwind fighter planes making a quick turn. The Whirlwind is a single-seater, has two Rolls-Royce Peregrine engines each of 850 h.p., and its armament consists of four 20-millimetre cannon

Continued from the previous column  
always been a laggard in the school of fate. Singapores rise and fall, yet we are not saved.

It is the consolation of these days that we have surely learned our lesson now. We know that it depends on us. We know that slacking down in a factory means a setback in Libya. We know that none of us is useless or unimportant in the State. We know that it is treachery to stand looking on. We know that every litter lout is Hitler's man. We know that it is nothing less than life and death for us. We know that principalities and powers are not enough, that fortresses will fall, that friends will fail, that all the pomp of yesterday may wither like the grass. We know that it is not

enough to be free, or to be righteous, but that we must be stronger than the evil in the world. We know that we must arm ourselves not only in the spirit of righteousness, but with the strength that will overcome.

There were five R A F men in a rubber dinghy, seven days from land with food and drink for four men. They talked it over and went to sleep, and when they woke they were only four; the captain was gone and the four reached home. It is that kind of love we must have for our country now. It is that kind of flame that must burn within us. There never was a graver hour for all mankind. There never was a darker or a prouder hour for all who speak our English tongue. Arthur Mee

## This Was the Land that Gave 1000 Ships

A GLOWING tribute was paid the other day to the Norwegian sailors who are bravely playing their part in fetching and carrying food and materials for the Allies.

When Germany seized Norway a thousand merchant ships succeeded in eluding capture and joined our own fleets for service in any quarter in the world.

Only those who had visited the beautiful homeland of the Vikings, or those interested in world shipping, realised what a vigorous force had been added to our many convoys, but the surprising fact is that when the Hitler War began Norway stood fourth in the world with a tonnage of nearly five millions in ships of over 100 tons. The British and American totals were, of course, much higher, but the third, the Japanese, was only about a million more, while the German merchant fleet, which had increased tremendously in the previous five years, was still slightly lower. Germany, however, had been adding to her warships, while peace-loving Norway had not, and it was Germany's armed ships that swept up the coast and took possession of the Norwegian ports, shipyards, and factories connected with the sea-going and the fishing fleets.

### A Trading Nation

With its 3600 miles of coastline, and a soil 70 per cent uncultivable, and 20 per cent forest, Norway has always had to rely on the sea for her livelihood. Both directly and indirectly we have helped her, mediating for the Scandinavian countries after the Napoleon wars and paving the way for Norway's success as a trading nation by the abolition of the Navigation Acts in 1850.

With the outbreak of the Great War Norway's neutrality brought sudden prosperity to her carrying trade, but German methods of warfare soon had their effect, over 2000 sailors and one and a quarter million tons of shipping being destroyed by U-boats. From this blow Norway recovered more speedily than any other seafaring nation, and the tonnage lost was replaced within ten years.

Unlike her rivals, Norway has not advertised her maritime prowess by the construction of great liners. Out of 150 ships of more than 15,000 tons sailing the Seven Seas when war broke out Norway had but four, and these more than halfway down the list. She had, however, concentrated on motor cargo-ships and tankers, which are now proving invaluable to the Allies. She had built up a motor fleet almost double the size of her steam fleet, and their foreign trade amounted in 1938 to about £35,000,000. The tonnage of the tankers was over 2,000,000.

### Norway's Whaling Fleet

Out of a population of three millions, ten per cent are normally engaged in navigation and other forms of transport, while seven per cent are in whaling and fishing, both these industries being a never-failing source of skilled man-power for the great tramp cargo vessels which carry the red ensign with the blue cross into every port.

Iron from her native mines, timber and wood-pulp from her forests, fish from her canneries, whale and fish oil from refineries, are carried abroad in Norwegian

ships in return for food, clothing, and manufactured goods, and by all this trading the Norwegians have built up a very high civilisation. The whaling fleet, with its floating factories, has been closely associated with our own in the waters of the Antarctic, while the Norwegian whaler is a common sight off Greenland, Newfoundland, and the Faroes, and in recent years on the coast of Africa. Sealing, too, is important, and it was in a sealing-ship appropriately named the Viking that Dr Nansen made his first voyage 60 years ago.

### The Vikings of Old

Nansen's more famous ship Fram was an example of the magnificent wooden vessels his countrymen could build fifty years ago. Fram means Forward, and indeed this shipbuilding nation never looks back, as the output of the great yards at Oslo and Bergen well proved.

As to the vast multitude of smaller craft, whether used for coastal traffic or for the extensive fishing grounds round the coasts, these are the fascination of every visitor.

Many of them recall those high-prowed longboats in which the ancestors of the hardy seamen of today beset the coasts of Europe 2000 years ago, taking possession of the Isle of Man, the Hebrides, and the Orkneys and Shetlands, and holding these for 200 years after William the Norman had conquered England.

We have read in the C N how Eric the Red sailed west to discover Greenland, and there is little doubt that the Vikings were the first white men to tread the mainland of the New World, long before Columbus. That old Viking spirit is alive today, and in the records of Polar exploration are many Norwegian names, the most famous of all that of Amundsen himself, who planted his country's flag on the South Pole.

Hardy men and proud, with a love of freedom traditional in their race, the Norwegians are allies on whom we can rely to the very end—to the end of the fighting and the dawn of the Peace.

### Steel Drilled by Water

A hole can be drilled through a piece of hard steel with a tiny jet of salt water, and Professor Charles Burgess has just shown a meeting of fellow electricians how it is done.

The jet issued from a fine glass nozzle connected by a sealed-in wire with the negative pole of an electric battery while the positive pole was connected with the steel plate. Therefore an electric circuit was established from the battery to the plate through the jet of salt water (a good conductor) and back to the battery.

When this was set going the jet of water was able to pierce the steel, and could even bore its way through tungsten carbide, which otherwise can be pierced only by a diamond drill.

## LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE Red Cross is now on the way to its second ten millions, having already raised about £10,500,000.

A will disposing of £55,000, damaged and charred in an air raid, was put together by chemical experts, photographed, and accepted by the courts.

The export of horses from Argentina has been stopped.

About 1000 acres of woodland in Sussex have been bequeathed to the nation by Sir Francis D'Arcy Cooper, chairman of Lever Brothers.



British railway engines are to be painted black as a wartime economy.

Blind men are now employed in aircraft factories, doing work which requires skill and precision.

PICTURES by artists of our Ice-land Garrison are being shown in the National Portrait Gallery.

The Yorkshire village of Thixendale having been snowbound almost continuously for several weeks, it was necessary to take food and coal by sledge when a fresh blizzard closed the roads.

The new Archbishop, having had occasion to send a surplice to a local laundry, was amused to find it returned and entered on the bill as "one bell tent, 2s."

The original supply of metal from guns captured at Sebastopol in the Crimean War having run out, Victoria Crosses are now being made from a new supply of bronze.

### Scout and Guide News Reel

THE 18 Scouts of the 1st Balderston (Notts) Troop collected 17 tons of paper and nearly two tons of metal in January.

The 16th Newcastle Scout Troop have collected 2000 jam jars and erected 41 indoor shelters; 75 per cent of the Troop hold the Scout National Service badge.

Patrol Leader Richard O'Connell, 15, has been awarded the Gilt Cross for saving a boy from drowning in the River Dart.

THE 8th Oxford Scouts are nearly 200 strong and include Land, Sea, and Air Scout sections; more than 60 Scouts and Scouters are serving with the Forces.

Guides of Carmunnock in Lanarkshire have raised £86 for Mrs Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund.

Among the many activities of the 3rd North Walsham Guides are shopping for patients in the local hospital, knitting woolies, scrubbing the First Aid Post, and collecting paper and milk-bottle tops.

As a result of a penny party held by Whitstable Guides £10 was raised for Warships Week.

## THINGS SEEN

A porch in front of Hoylake, Cheshire, Town Hall built of books and waste paper.

A white-tailed eagle searching for quarters in Lincolnshire.

## We Ne'er Shall Look Upon His Like Again

BUT the other day Sir William Bragg was one of the friendliest and noblest Englishmen alive; now he is gone.

He is gone, that is, from our sight, but never can his spirit pass out of the life of the world. He was a vital part of it. He added brick after brick to the temple of knowledge; perhaps we should say that he added to it turrets and domes and windows.

Those who met him only for a little while could not but feel the presence of an immortal man. Those who heard him lecture could not but be delighted with this big human brother, whose knowledge was so profound and who so obviously loved to share it. Those who study physics, such things as light and atoms and crystals, are sharing his knowledge whether they know it or not, for generations to come will owe a great debt to Sir William Bragg. We had not known he was ill when suddenly the BBC told us that he was gone, and did him so much less than justice. He passed in the full vigour of his moral and mental strength; there was no fading away for that great mind.

### A King of Men

He was a man the King as well as the people delighted to honour; and the King gave him the Order of Merit, while the people gave him their affection and applause. King of men as he was, he sprang from the people. The soul that rose within him, his life's star, came from the deep, mysterious past beyond our ken, but it is strange to remember that Sir William Bragg was half through his long life of nearly eighty years before he began the research work which made him one of the greatest scientists.

He was born at Wigton, in Cumberland, and his father was a master of sailing vessels trading in the East, who gave up the sea and became a farmer on receiving a small legacy; his mother was a vicar's daughter. The boy was brought up on the farm and at the village school, but he had a kindly uncle bearing his own name, who sent him to college, where he won a scholarship to Cambridge.

He took his degree, and soon afterwards saw that the Chair of Physics was vacant at Adelaide University. He had had no training in physics, but he applied for the post and got it, and he hastily bought a number of books and educated himself in physics on the way to Australia.

### Nobel Prize Winners

There he remained as professor for more than twenty years, marrying the Postmaster-General's daughter, experimenting in wireless, and becoming the father of three children, two of them boys. One died for his country on Gallipoli; the other has lived to share his father's fame and to share the Nobel Prize with him for a remarkable piece of research which founded a new science, by which it is possible to analyse the structure of crystals through X-rays. Most of us know little of such things, but they are of tremendous importance.

Sir Lawrence Bragg, brilliant son of a brilliant father, carries on his work as Cavendish Professor of Physics at Cambridge, and nothing in the world was more charming to see than the

father's delight in his son. We met them both together in an odd moment long ago, and remember it as the moment when we shook hands with two immortal men who greatly loved each other.

Sir William's knowledge of science was deeply rooted in Nature, and his faith was in the heavens. It is only a year since he lectured on Science and Faith at Durham University.

### Invisible Forces

He dealt with the invisible forces that hold the world together, all depending on the forces in the atoms which to us are specks but to him were worlds of power. If all the mysterious forces in a piece of steel could be in play together, he said, its strength would far exceed what actually it is; sometimes the failure of the forces to cooperate destroys the value of the steel.

We could not help feeling that Sir William must have thought that there is a sort of good neighbourliness among the atoms on which the world's strength depends. Certainly he felt that the life of the world depends on our being good neighbours—on brotherhood and cooperation.

He knew that knowledge is never final and must always have new realms to conquer, and he believed that the business of the scientist is to produce a growing power of understanding "so that a generation may walk firmly where its predecessor moved haltingly." He was a great scientist who went through the world the Christian way, brother to every man, and, while it is said that this generation will not look on his like again, it is an inspiration to remember the manner of man he was, the immortal things he did, and the glow of his spirit which lives on after him.

## WATER IS BEST The Cat Does Not Need Milk

We were glad to see Mr R. I. Pocock, of the Natural History Museum, giving a kindly but misguided Ministry of Food a little lesson on the natural history of the domestic cat.

The Ministry had granted an allowance of dried milk to cats employed in keeping down mice and rats in grain warehouses, but Mr Pocock points out that milk is totally unnecessary for cats past the early kitten stage. For them, as for all other mammals, water is the natural drink. Even if we give our cats milk they still need water, but if we supply them with water they do not need milk. Their greater kindred, the lion, the tiger, and the leopard, all drink the blood of the animals they kill, but they still must have water, and to the water-holes and streams they go, thirstier after their meal, than before.

Milk is an unnecessary luxury for cats; water is essential to their health and comfort.

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## Sad News From Down Below

It is sad to know that over one-third of the coal mined in this country is still hauled by ponies at or near the coal face. In all, some 32,000 ponies and horses are today employed in this way, and the mechanical conveyor is coming far too slowly.

North Staffordshire has 91 per cent and Notts 82 per cent of the total output carried by mechanical conveyors, and only 1300 ponies are still used by them; these counties stand at the head of the list of reformed collieries. Durham is at the bottom, presenting a very different picture, for in this county 10,174 ponies are employed and only a quarter of its annual output of 31,414,000 tons was in 1938 hauled by

machinery. South Wales is the next blackest area, with 7400 ponies.

Since the year 1929 the average annual increase in the use of mechanical conveyors has been just over 4 per cent, the years 1937 and 1938 showing only 3 per cent. Surely, with the rapid growth of the Grid, electricity could be employed to a greater extent today with more efficiency in this arduous work. Its more rapid adoption or, as an alternative that of compressed air, would not only release our ponies for more pleasant work above ground, but should do something to reduce the man and boy power engaged in looking after these animals down below.

### STORY

We like the story of the restaurant in a small Canadian town which had so many souvenir hunters among its customers that this notice was added to the menu:

*Our spoons are not medicine; they must not be taken after meals.*

### A WILD RUBBER?

In the search for wild rubber there may be good reason to thank Professor Harper Goodspeed, who suggests exploiting the rabbit-brush rubber.

The rabbit-brush grows knee-high and taller all the way from south California to the Rockies on waste and desert lands. It is a shrub with a flower like golden rod, and solid bits and shreds of rubber grow in its tissues. Harvested and processed, at a cost of about two shillings a pound, it might produce anything up to about 25,000 tons of solid rubber a year; worth having in these times.

Guayule rubber, already well known is harvested similarly.

### A BRAVE CORNISH LAD

A brave Cornish lad, Edwin Glenville Matthews of Penzance, has just been presented with a Certificate of Merit by the RSPCA for his bravery in rescuing a dog from a well.

The dog was heard whining down below, and Edwin volunteered to descend by the rope used for drawing water. The rope looked as if it might break under any great strain, and Edwin was warned of the risk.

But nothing would daunt him, and, tying the rope round his body, he was lowered 30 feet to the water. There he found the poor creature clinging to a ledge and whining piteously. He grasped the dog under one arm and, holding on to the rope with the other, was hauled back to the surface without mishap.

## This Kind World

WE have been considering of late the good news that artists are finding a demand for their pictures of the ruins of London, and have been writing, also, of the fine spirit of the Dutch. In this story both these things meet.

Like many other artists in these dark days, a friend of ours had fallen upon very hard times, with mortgages closing in on him, and an utter lack of that public appreciation which in the past had made his name so popular.

But the other day a Dutch citizen came to his studio who turned out to be a fairy prince.

### JACK-IN-THE-BOX NUMBER 61

Element 61, believed to be the only one not found in Nature, has popped up again, only to disappear immediately like a Jack-in-the-Box.

It has its number in the Table of the Elements, and was given a name Illinium by one of its convinced discoverers. But nobody has been able to hold it down. The latest explorers revealed it by very delicate tests, but it made the briefest appearance, showing by its radioactivity that 61 was there, and then vanished by disintegration—not without reason—to its hiding-place in the so-called "rare earths".

### FRIEND OF THE NAVY

DEAR EDITOR.—This is a true story. My Daddy wrote to the Radio Times about the brave men of the Merchant Navy. Miss —, who saw the letter, sent Daddy ten shillings each month so that he could buy books for the sailors. Last week her father wrote to say that the girl had died. She had lain in bed four years, yet her thoughts were for others all the time. Among her possessions was £3 15s for the Merchant Navy. SHEILA ROSS, Edinburgh

### ENEMIES OF THE FOOD SUPPLY

As to the report that sparrows, starlings, rooks, and gulls are on sale for human food, Mr. Crosthwaite, of the Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds, writes that there is in existence the Wild Bird Protection Act of 1880, which forbids members of the public from killing certain wild birds from March 1 to August 1.

The sparrow, starling, rook, and gull in particular are useful to the farmer, and it is surely contrary to the urgent national interest in food production to kill and eat birds which, by destroying noxious insects and weed seeds, are helping the farmer to produce more food.

Exiled in London, he had not forgotten his love of beauty, and on seeing the artist's pictures he commissioned four new ones, gave the artist 20 Five Pound Notes on account, and in a day or two returned with the balance in Ten Pound Notes. Nor was that all, for very soon the good fairy prince came back and bought eight pictures hanging in the studio, which enabled the artist to ring up more than one debtor to say that a nice cheque was on the way, and led him to write to tell us that "it was all so wonderful that I can scarcely sleep for the thrill of it all."

## A LOST STAR TURNS UP

A lost star has been found. It is the fiery new star which blazed up in the heavens before the eyes of the great Kepler, the Father of Modern Astronomy, more than 300 years ago.

It came to him like a reward to salute his solution of the movement of the planets, and it was in itself what the astronomers call a super nova, like the Star of Bethlehem, and only the third of the kind to appear in the Milky Way in 900 years. Then, as happens to these apparitions, it faded and disappeared. Now it has been found on a photograph, and identified in its place, invisible to all but the bigger telescopes.

## The New Church Windows

ONE of the most brutish things Hitler has done is to shatter the glass in hundreds of churches.

All of us long for the day when the war is over and the menace of bombing and the fear of invasion are forgotten; but when that day comes what kind of new windows shall we see then, we wonder.

A hint comes from East London, for St Augustine's church at Haggerston now has a window with a portrait of an air raid warden. It is a notable piece of pioneering. We see a little girl who has groped her way in the blackout to the vicar's door. She stands on tiptoe to ring the bell. Her gas-mask is slung over her

shoulder, and close by stands the warden whose torch helps the child to find the bell. The warden is shown wearing his helmet and gas-mask. To the right of the group is a wall of sandbags, a cat crouching in the shadows.

This is a beginning. Our churches have long preserved windows showing the life and thought of men and women in past centuries; and it seems proper that whatever new glass finds its way into our churches now should in some measure portray something of the agony and splendour, the suffering and gallantry, of these momentous years. It should certainly have the saints of old, but should not omit the heroes of today.

## AFTERNOONS OUT IN TOTAL WAR

A CN housewife had her first afternoon for many months free from household and voluntary public duties.

Walking through a big store in London's West End, she saw a long queue of well-dressed women, and her curiosity was roused. Investigation showed that face powders and other cosmetics were being sold, and the first customer seen to be served made purchases amounting to £2, the next spent £1 10s, and the third £1.

That was enough for our housewife, who, for several days, had been dealing with other queues—selling to them Savings Certificates and Bonds in a local effort to provide another warship for the Navy!

## TWO MEN ON A RAFT

Life on a raft after being torpedoed has in general been hopeless and miserable in the extreme. A ship's officer, however, has been giving his mind to the urgent question of designing a raft, and when two seamen found themselves adrift on it they were able to live in moderate comfort and step ashore after thirty days in good bodily condition.

## SAVING OUR ELMS

Something has to be done, and something is being done, about the Dutch elm disease which threatened the elms of our countryside some years ago, and then transferred itself still more destructively to the elms of the American Atlantic coast states.

The earliest sign of it is the wilting of the leaves, which has now been traced to a living poison, spreading out from the microscopic fungus which attacks the tree, and may be conveyed by insects. It is a fungus of the kind that attacks tomato plants, and it is believed it may be counteracted by two well-known chemical acids, one a coal tar product. The application of these may save destroying affected elms.



### Air-Minded Girls

Members of Redhill Women's Junior Air Corps studying a map. The corps has 270 members, and the training includes map-reading, first aid, Morse, knowledge of car mechanism, and physical exercises

## THE BATTLE FRONTS

How strange are the battle-fields of this war!

We have got used to our men fighting in desert sands, in choking jungles, and in the Russian snows. Since Japan struck her first blow at us, we have fought in hot congested streets, among strange houses, docks, and warehouses—a confused sort of fighting that seems hard for us to sort out and understand.

We have even got used to the idea that we may be fighting on our own beaches, in our green fields, and among our own streets and homes, while fighting in the air seems as natural today to the Englishman as fighting on the sea has always been.

Now, as the war spreads over the Pacific Islands, we prepare to fight where fortresses are perched on volcanoes, and in battlefields among cinchona trees, tea bushes, coffee and coconut trees, and in the green rice fields which are for hundreds of millions the security against famine.

## TWO AS ONE

An Australian nurse in an AIF hospital in the Middle East sends us this little note.

There are hard cases in this hospital. Two very nice lads have recently each had an eye removed, and during convalescence were allowed to visit the pictures. The native attendant at the door had to be content with one entrance fee for the pair, as they pointed out that they could each see only half as much as those with two eyes!

## The New Windjammers

A SUNDERLAND flying-boat fought her way through a violent storm, but used all her petrol in doing so, and had to come down on the sea.

The crew did not intend to stay put and wait for help, so they fixed a dinghy oar to the mast of their machine and rigged up the canvas awning of a cockpit to act as a sail. The optimistic airmen then informed their base by radio that they were sailing home at a speed of one knot, and expected to arrive

three days hence. However, another Sunderland took them some petrol in tins, and they were able to fly home.

A few days before this incident a British destroyer had her engines put out of action when she was caught in a heavy gale 150 miles from port. Rather than ask assistance from another ship, the captain hoisted one sail from his whaleboat and another saved from the lifeboat of a merchant ship. He then sailed his destroyer 150 miles back to port.

## The EDITOR'S TABLE

### The Robber State

GERMAN executions for robbery are reported to be increasing. The comment made by neutral correspondents is that in Germany robbery is the monopoly of the State.

### STORY

A FRIEND sends us this story of a Negro woman in America who received a legacy of thirty thousand pounds.

Neighbours came pouring in as never before, but they found the door locked. Mrs. Mason was making up her mind what to do.

First she paid back the town all the money her family had received in relief. Then she paid all her debts to local tradesmen who had trusted her. Then she helped the poorest of her relations. Then she bought a small house and invested enough to support her family.

When all this was done she went to see a good Negro lawyer and said that all her life she had lived in a poor house with a roof which let the rain through and now most of her neighbours lived in such houses, and with no gardens or places for children to play in. Could her money not be spent to give her neighbours roofs that did not leak and gardens where their children could play?

The good lawyer thought it could, and it was so.

### The Old Tradition

WHILE Mr. de Valera's Ireland looks on at the war in which every Irishman outside Eire is struggling to be free, one quarter of the VC's won in the fighting have been awarded to gallant Irishmen.

The old heroic tradition of Ireland is not to be destroyed by politicians.

### JUST AN IDEA

Fifty years from now the whole business of life may be controlled by touching a button; but of what character will be the man who touches the button—a lazy, cruel, and covetous animal, or a pure and dignified spirit?

### The Cobbler and His Last

It takes from three weeks to a month to get a pair of boots soled and heeled in London now; how long it would take for a new pair to be made to measure we cannot imagine.

When the Crystal Palace was built, two men, responsible for 83 operations, could make a pair of boots; when fire destroyed the Palace, eighty years later, the same task required 113 men and women doing 120 operations. So it is that, with war drawing so many skilled hands from the cobbler's world, we must wait so long for our boots and shoes.

1942

England's on the anvil, hear the hammers ring,  
Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne . . . Kipling on 1906

### A Peep of Heaven

Who does not like to think of the surprises many of us will have when we arrive in Heaven? Many will be there, no doubt, whom we did not expect to see, and perhaps there may be missing faces, too.

We cannot refrain from quoting this story which a Roman Catholic reader of great charity has sent to the Church Times. It is of a peep of heaven.

"Over there," said the guide, "you see the Wesleyans; yonder the Anglicans; and that noisy crowd is the Salvation Army." The visitor wished to know who was behind the high wall, whereupon the guide said: "Ssh! Those are the Roman Catholics. They think they are the only people here."

### A GOOD DAY

ARISE early, serve God devoutly and the world busily.  
Do thy work wisely, give thine alms secretly; go thy way gravely.  
Answer the people demurely, go to thy meat appetitely.  
Sit thereat discreetly, arise temperately.  
Go to thy supper soberly, and to thy bed merrily.

Printed by Wynken de Worde,  
Caxton's right-hand man

## SO MANY THINGS TO KNOW

THE world's stock of knowledge is increasing at an ever-growing speed. The minds of men are being liberated all the world over by national systems of education, varying in quality, but all directed to the spread of knowledge and the study of human life and affairs.

It is impossible for a single human being to study all things, but it is not impossible for any of us to grasp general principles and cultivate the mind to enable it to approach any subject with intelligence. It is a notable fact that some of our popular newspapers now present general knowledge problems to their readers, and the popularity of the crossword puzzle is a tribute to the value of modern education.

WHAT a marvellous thing the encyclopedia has become, from the Children's Encyclopedia (the most widely circulated of all throughout the world) to the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica! To turn over one of these fascinating volumes is to be led from one subject to another, one land to another, one person to another, and to lead us to exclaim with Robert Louis Stevenson that:

*The world is so full of a number of things,  
I think we should all be as happy as kings.*

BUT we must not be content with storing knowledge or with the present means of distributing it. It should be our constant purpose to expand the mind. We like to contemplate a future in which some far-seeing Parliament will order the presentation to every budding citizen, boy or girl, of a beautifully bound copy of a National Encyclopedia, thus putting into the possession of each of its citizens a record of the world's glorious evolution from the wild life of the caves to a civilisation in which knowledge shall cast out all fear.

### It Waiteth To Be Known

IN these days of hurry and anxiety we may well learn from Frederick Hosmer, the American poet, the art of being still. Here are two verses of one of his hymns. They are small, but they have a great message: *Go not, my soul, in search of Him, Thou wilt not find Him there, Or in the depths of shadows dim, Or heights of upper air. For not in far-off realms of space The Spirit hath its throne; In every heart it findeth place, And waiteth to be known.*

## Old Man River Carries On

THERE was never a greater slur upon rivers than is expressed in the well-known song in which it is avowed that they "just keep rolling along." For, like the housewife's work, a river's work is never done. Let us consider this fascinating subject.

We will journey into East Anglia and look at the deep wide valleys at the bottoms of which small sluggish-looking streams now slowly wind their way to the North Sea. The river Stour dividing Essex from Suffolk may be taken as a case in point. This great valley, some 200 feet in depth and miles wide, rises in Cambridgeshire, and enters the North Sea at Harwich. Probably about half a million years have elapsed since the Stour's work began.

It has dug out its valley with never-ceasing industry; has had it filled up several times by the deposits laid down when the various glacial periods existed in this country, and has again swept these accumulations from its course, swinging in great curves from north to south, and exposing once again one of the most beautiful valleys of its kind in England. The object and life's work of all rivers is to cut their way down to sea level, and it is easy to see in the

case of the Stour what a monumental labour this has been.

Today the herculean efforts of the river have ceased, but this does not mean that it is doing nothing. In the winter the river is often in flood and a glance at its rushing, coffee-coloured water at once shows that, far from being idle, it is still eroding the country through which it flows.

Moreover, at such times it is continually undercutting the concave sides of its bends. This erosion often undermines trees, and these, with other flotsam and jetsam of the winter storms, are carried onwards by the river, often causing dangerous stoppages at the flood gates at the various mills which still function in the valley of the Stour. Very often in flood time the river bursts its banks and converts all the valley floor into an immense lake.

Thus let no one say that Old Man River is one of the unemployed. Even in these placid geological times he is up and doing every day and night, and to those who watch him there comes the feeling that his strength is still unimpaired, and, given the opportunity, will be exerted with overpowering force as it was in the dim and distant past.

## STREET DISTURBANCE

A DISTURBANCE, affording much amusement to onlookers, occurred in a quiet main street in Cornwall the other afternoon, when a quantity of water suddenly fell with a big splash on the pavement. It came from the top regions of a lofty house.

The downpour was unexpected and singular, inasmuch as there was not a cloud in the sky and no one appeared to be washing windows. Stranger still, the water continued to fall at irregular intervals in such volume and with such force that if anyone had passed beneath they would have had an unwelcome ducking.

What was happening was this. The exceptionally large chute up above was choked and full of rainwater, and two lively starlings were using it as a bath! Flapping their wings vigorously, they sported and splashed, being so energetic now and then as to cause the water to overflow and spill into the street!

They carried on a noisy chatter during their toilet and seemed to be greatly enjoying themselves.

At length, however, they took a short hop to a chimney to dry and plume their feathers, and the street settled down again.

## The Boy and the Film

A SCHOOLMASTER of wide experience has been making public his belief that the increase in juvenile wrongdoing, which we all deplore, coincided with the coming of the gangster film.

Police and social workers agree that films making heroes of ruffians, and representing tricksters and rogues as fine fellows, have taken the place of the noxious literature known in its heyday as the Penny Dreadful. In hundreds of cases magistrates were informed that the boys in the dock before them had been steeping themselves in the spirit of these cheap rags, with the

result that they had lost all sense of values, and, copying their shameless models, had in effect been saying, "Evil, be thou my good!"

The gangster film has largely supplanted the Penny Dreadful, but, whereas the noisome novelette destroyed character in hundreds of cases, these films influence multitudes of lads. What we have to be careful about in the future is to see that the films are not allowed to become a serious influence in the wrong direction on the young minds of those who crowd in to see them.

## Under the Editor's Table

MUSSOLINI is busy writing a play. Peter Puck Wants to Know He will be the buffoon?

GIRL conscripts do jigsaws as an intelligence test. Some girls can fit in anywhere.

MOTORISTS are told that speeding eats up tyres. They want to have a fast day.

THE Food Ministry, in saying that there is plenty of coffee in the country, has good grounds for it.



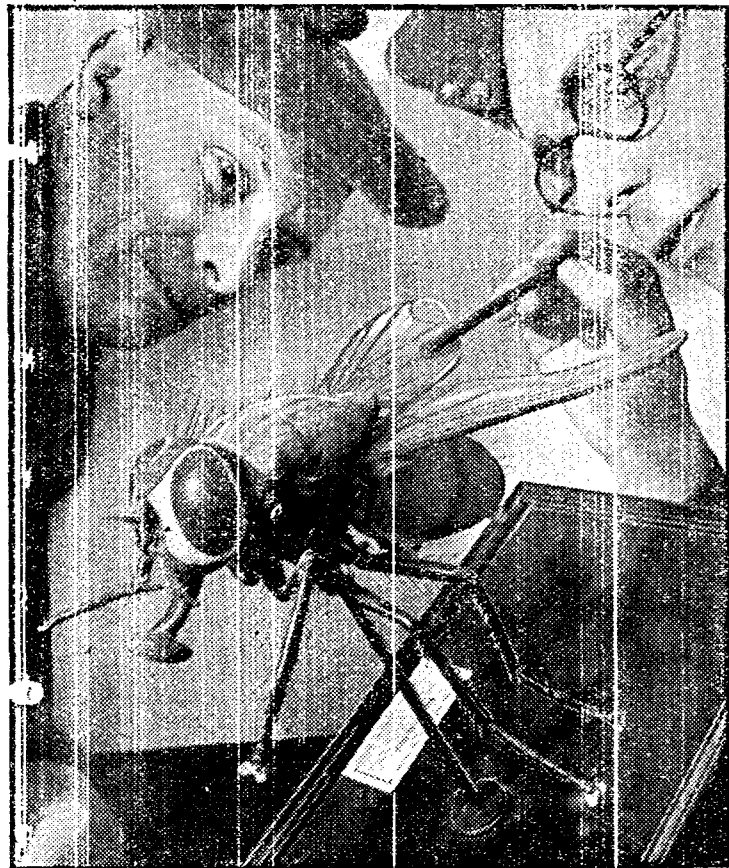
If a man can be downright upright

CHILDREN are not to wear ornaments on clothes. They must be trim with no trimming.

AN artist says he does not believe in being a poor business man. Would rather be a poor artist.

A GIANT camera in a Baltimore factory does the work of 307 men. Takes all the jobs.

MOST men like short hair. But keep it as long as they can.



## Keeping the Army Healthy

Soldiers studying the wing formation of the common house-fly at the Army School of Hygiene. Officers and men from various units attend the school for a course of instruction on how to keep an army healthy in all sorts of conditions, from intensely cold to hot climates. Already 30,000 men have passed through the school.

## Monday Morning

"Impossible Monday" we used to write on our Monday letters, and somehow it does seem that Monday morning is the most bothering of all. But not so to these men of the West Country, of whom a friend writes.

EVERY Monday morning, as regularly as the sun rises, a little band of men sets out from a famous West Country town for some distant spot selected for the day's visit.

It may be a place of historic interest, a beauty spot, or an old-world village. Their way may lie across the breezy uplands, along the cliff-tops, or through narrow, winding country lanes.

As they tramp the highways and byways they talk of the old days when they toiled together at the great docks. You see, they sadly missed each other's company when they retired from work a few years ago and went their separate ways. Something

seemed to have gone out of life. That was why it all began.

Every one of them is over 65 and as healthy as a trout. If the weather is unkind they travel by train or bus; otherwise they make their journeys on foot. "I wouldn't miss the weekly ramble for a fortune," the big, burly Skipper told me. "It's something to look forward to and it helps us to keep young, fit, and active. Besides, just to be together again (to talk together, to share experiences, and to go places together) helps to make life really worth while."

Sometimes they will visit some isolated farmstead where the folk are glad to see them and to join in hymn-singing and a word of prayer. Often, too, on their way, they look in at a cottage door to comfort the bereaved or to cheer a lonely soul with songs and little gifts.

## THE CONNIVER

MISS MOWCHER is not really her name (writes a correspondent), but we call her that because she reminds us of the brisk little lady Dickens put into David Copperfield. She is such a tiny thing, so gay and quick. She is a dress-maker, and she is 82. This is how she greeted us.

"Well, ma'am, I am glad to see you again, and looking so well, too, after all the times we have had. And I do hope you will go on doing so. Me? Oh, I am going on splendidly. I manage to connive it. I was blitzed out twice, and the first time, my

rheumatism being bad, the ARP man had to carry me downstairs. But, there, I'm not very heavy, so he connived it.

"The second blitz we had, I'm sorry to say, I had to go and ask the Town Hall to mend my windows, because the draughts were so bad for my rheumatism. But bless me! I have connived to get along all right up till now, and why should anyone complain? That's what I say to the other lodger in the house. Mrs Brown, I say, you ought to change your lodging, and get out of Grumble Corner and go and live in Thanksgiving Street."

## CARRY ON

### THE DAY BEGINS

I SEE the spectacle of morning from the hilltop over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share.

The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate, and conspire with the morning wind.

Emerson

### MESSENGER OF GOD

NOT in the crowded marketplace Where multitudes acclaim Have you the tinselled splendour worn.

To gain the moment's fame; But with o'erflowing heart of love Contentedly have trod, In simple faith and gentle ways, A messenger of God.

Epitaph on an ordinary Life by C. P. Hampson

### A Great Man's Little House

QUEEN ELIZABETH at Gorham-bury: My Lord, what a little house you have gotten.

Sir Nicholas Bacon: Madam, my house is well, but it is you that have made me too great for my house.

### THE ONLY WAY

JUSTICE without force is impotent. Force without justice is tyrannical. We must therefore have justice with force.

Professor Douglas Johnson

### Valiant Toilers of the Deep

VALIANT toilers of the deep, Day and night their watch they keep;

Plying o'er the oceans wide, Guardians of our ancient pride; Terrors from above they brave; Foes that lurk beneath the wave; Silent heroes of the sea, Guard them, Lord, we cry to Thee.

Thou, the sailor's anchorage, Strong and sure, when battles rage; Lord of death and Prince of life, Give them courage in the strife; Girding, guiding hand and will, Bid their anxious hearts be still; Silent heroes of the sea, Guard them, Lord, we cry to Thee.

Since that calm, which in Thy wake Lulled the Galilean lake— When the storm to Thee did bend, Thou hast been the sailor's Friend; Lend him still Thy royal aid, Speak the word, "Be not afraid;" Silent heroes of the sea, Guard them, Lord, we cry to Thee.

W. Nantlais Williams

### The Measure of Your Spirit

MEASURE your health by your sympathy with morning and spring.

If there is no response in you to the awakening of nature, if the prospect of an early morning walk does not banish sleep, if the warble of the first bluebird does not thrill you, know that the morning and spring of your life are past.

Henry David Thoreau

## The Country Calls—Away! Away!

LAY down the axe, fling by the spade; Leave in its track the toiling plough; The rifle and the bayonet-blade For arms like yours were fitter now;

And let the hands that ply the pen Quit the light task, and learn to wield The horseman's crooked brand, and rein The charger on the battlefield.

Our country calls; away! away! To where the blood-stream blots the green; Strike to defend the gentlest sway

That Time in all his course has seen. See, from a thousand coverts—see Spring the armed foes that haunt her track; They rush to smite her down, and we Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave, And moved as soon to fear and flight, Men of the glade and forest, leave Your woodcraft for the field of fight. The arms that wield the axe must pour An iron tempest on the foe; His serried ranks shall reel before The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm By grassy steep or highland lake, Come, for the land ye love, to form A bulwark that no foe can break. Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock

The whirlwind; stand in her defence: The blast as soon shall move the rock, As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye whose homes are by her grand Swift rivers, rising far away, Come from the depth of her green land As mighty in your march as they; As terrible as when the rains Have swelled them over bank and bourne, With sudden floods to drown the plains And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye who throng beside the deep, Her ports and hamlets of the strand, In number like the waves that leap On his long-murmuring marge of sand, Come; like that deep, when, o'er his brim, He rises, all his floods to pour, And flings the proudest barks that swim, A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old Won the fair land in which we dwell; But we are many, we who hold The grim resolve to guard it well. Strike for that broad and goodly land, Blow after blow, till men shall see That Might and Right move hand in hand, And glorious must their triumph be. William Cullen Bryant to America



The Letter Reader—by Gabriel Metsu, the 17th-century Dutch artist

# AUSTRALIA THE GREAT

## The Story of the Youngest Nation on the Oldest Continent

The vast Australian continent is in the front line of the battle. The Jap is at the gate. It is the first time the sound of war has been heard on Australian soil, for on this oldest continent lives

the world's youngest nation, which no enemy till now has dared to attack. Its story is one of the most remarkable in the history of the world. Let us look at it as it is told in Arthur Mee's Flag Book.

WE may call Australia the Twentieth Century Nation, though she is the oldest land on earth above the waters, for with all her unimaginable ages of time she comes into history as a modern State, her story crammed into a few short years. Asleep for countless ages, she was found in the 18th century, settled in the 19th, and became a nation in the 20th.

The fact is that we did not want Australia. Here was the ideal condition for an empire State, a continent under one flag, yet our rulers laughed at the idea when Captain Cook set up the flag in Botany Bay, and nobody cared about this new world he had found.

### A Missed Opportunity

There was more imagination in one or two of our seamen than in all our rulers, and James Matra, whom nobody knows, was far wiser than Pitt, whom everybody knows. Matra was one of Cook's shipmates, and was so thrilled by the thought of this vast continent that he suggested it as a home for the loyalists from the American colonies we had lost.

It is thrilling to ask ourselves what would have happened had the seed he sowed fallen on good ground, for Australia would then have been beginning its career about the same time as the United States, with the same sort of people, and the race between them would have been a famous thing to see. But the Government would not listen. They had

no great dreams. They were satisfied with the little island. The sailor who was wiser than Pitt was buried in an unknown grave and Pitt became Lord Chatham and was buried in the Abbey, having kept back Australia for two generations. Afterwards, when gold was found, the Government were afraid to dig it out because they had turned the continent into a prison and could not trust the convicts. It is incredible, but that was all the use our Governments could think of for Australia.

And yet this continent is one-quarter of the whole British Empire now, with a coastline long enough to reach to London. It is half a world away from London, but it can dominate two oceans, and is rich beyond the wildest dreams of men.

It is true that it is no continent for idle men. It has come slowly into knowledge, its unknown spaces have been opened up with infinite toil and suffering, and the long, long trail of its explorers is hardly ended yet. Its people are clustered round its fertile coast, and the vast inland regions are still a strange, dead solitude. It has one area as big as Britain with no railway and no road. It has a million square miles with no rivers, and another million with rivers that dry up. But it has a fertile area as big as ten Englands crying out for people with imagination and character and grit.

It will be possible for fifty million people to build up happy

lives in Australia before this century is out, for this quarter of the empire has still only one-seventieth of its population and the seven million people here have done wonders with their pioneering.

They have built nearly thirty thousand miles of railways, on which they can ride from Monday till Saturday and still not be across the continent. In 25 years they have bought from the United Kingdom goods worth a thousand million pounds. They grow enough apples every year to give one to every man and woman on the earth and two to every child. They export fifty million tons of fruits and two million tons of meat. They have more than twenty million acres of field crops, and grow in a year 220 million bushels of grain and five or six million tons of sugar cane.

### A Land of Living Fossils

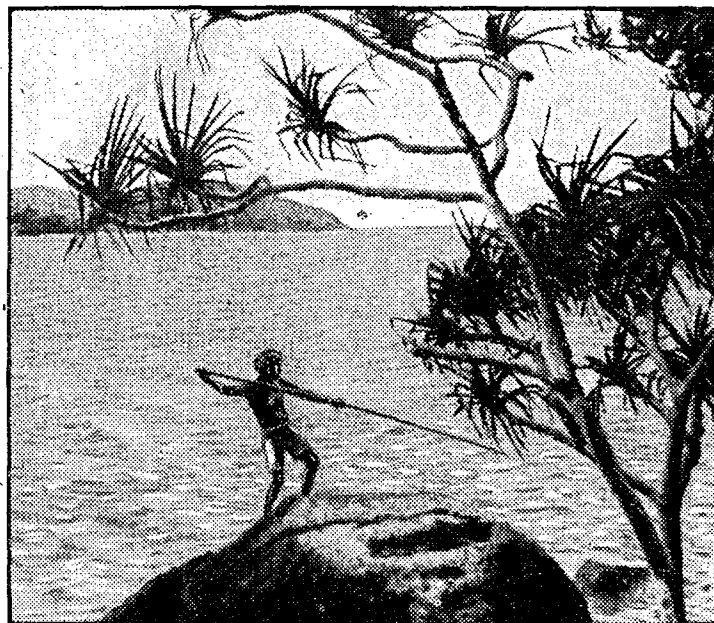
Australians send in a year a thousand million pounds of wool to 36 countries, and export about 56 million pounds of cheese, 70 million pounds of ham and bacon, and 430 million pounds of butter. A year's Australian production is worth five hundred million pounds in English money. She produces gold itself and is rich in silver, copper, zinc, iron, coal, tin, gypsum, opal, sapphires, magnesite, clays, and building stones.

Everybody knows what this means to a nation standing at the dawn of power. She is the oldest visible land; she has the oldest race of men, the oldest plants, the oldest animals, and the oldest fishes; she is a land of living fossils, with the strangest story in all natural history to relate. And yet she is the youngest modern nation. She has made herself powerful in our time. She has fought her great battles and has proved her mettle. She has survived disasters and overcome calamities. She has stood by the Motherland in her darkest hours and made herself a tower of strength and a pillar of hope. Like Africa with its myriad peoples, the lonely continent is awakened from sleep at last, and has made itself worthy to be known in history as Australia the Great.

### Dirk Hartog's Dinner-plate

For ages it was thought that a vast continent surrounded the South Pole, and it was not till Shakespeare's time that Torres sailed through the Strait which bears his name and destroyed the legend of an Antarctic Continent encircling the Pole.

In the year Shakespeare died Dirk Hartog, the Dutch voyager, landed on a small island off the west coast and put up his plate, but he cannot have known that he was at the door of a continent. He set up a piece of wood near Shark Bay, and nailed on to it a tin dinner-plate recording his visit and mentioning the names of two merchants and his steersman. It is the first authentic



An Australian Aboriginal spearing fish

document in the history of Australia, and it now belongs to the museum in Amsterdam.

De Torres should be remembered, for his should have been the first name on the map of the continent and was put there 187 years late. The gallant admiral had been sent out with the Portuguese pilot De Quiros to search for a southern continent, but disease and mutiny had deprived him of the company of De Quiros, and he sailed on alone, through the Strait dividing New Guinea from the mainland, so that he may have caught sight of the tip of the northern finger of the continent without realising its significance.

The first three men who come into Australia's story are the famous Dutchman Tasman, William Dampier from Somerset, and our immortal Captain Cook. Tasman landed in Tasmania but did not know the mainland; Dampier saw the continent but bothered little with it, Captain Cook spent a week in Botany Bay (with Sir Joseph Banks collecting plants), and surveyed the coast for two thousand miles.

### Van Diemen's Land

It was the discovery of America by Columbus that urged men on to seek another continent, and Antony van Diemen, the Governor of the Dutch East India Company, sent out Tasman to look for a continent which was said to be full of gold and silver. He found a land as big as Scotland and called it Van Diemen's Land; it was the English who changed it to Tasmania and put this brave Dutchman's name on the map for all time. But Tasman, like Dampier, was terrified by the sight of kangaroos and wild men emerging from the woods, and he sailed away and found New Zealand, the first known man to see it.

Dampier was a boy from Yeovil grammar school who joined a gang of privateers and sailed three times round the world. He piloted the ship which brought Robinson Crusoe home from his lonely island, and wrote a masterly account of a voyage which showed that he was a first-rate observer of winds and tides and currents. Nelson used to tell his men to study Dampier's book. It was in 1699 that he sailed along the south-west and north coasts of Australia and declared them horrible, with apparently barren shores, astounding animals, and savage men. A strange man was Dampier, with a

life of adventure rarely equalled on the seas, something of a hero and a villain, something of a scholar and a pirate, and undoubtedly a good explorer.

James Cook was one of the greatest Englishmen since time began. The sea has been creeping into England, and has washed away the shop where he used to stand behind a grocer's counter and from which he ran out one day to join a ship; but we know where the little shop stood, and not far away, in the lovely old town of Whitby, stands a statue of this indomitable man looking out to the sea which carried him to triumph and to death. He had helped Wolfe to lay the foundations of his victory at Quebec, and so had helped to win Canada for the flag; now the Royal Society sent him out to Tahiti to see the Transit of Venus, and he came home having secured Australia for the British race.

Nobody then knew anything about Australia, except a few travellers with doubtful tales and perhaps a few astronomers who declared that they had seen its image on the moon. Cook sailed round it, as he had sailed round New Zealand on his way. For ages the rolling waves of the Pacific Ocean had swept the lonely continent, but no visitor from the outer world had broken its deep solitude. It is the greatest and oldest island; all the other land emerging from the waters when Australia appeared has been worn down, but Australia remains; though when Cook called it was as if it had been asleep since Time began.

### Great Captain Cook

It is a bitter thing to remember that this hero has no grave on earth, for he, as chivalrous a spirit as ever sailed the seas, who never in his life had wronged a man, was beaten to death by cannibals on one of the islands of Hawaii. No man could have lived more nobly. No man has died more sadly.

He had put a continent on the map and given us three million square miles of the earth, yet what did our Government think of it? It left the new land alone for twenty years, and then, as it had lost the American colonies and could no longer send convicts there, it turned Australia into a prison-house, and in 1788 the first British Fleet arrived in the magnificent harbour we now call Sydney—three shiploads of stores and six of convicts.

TO BE CONTINUED

## BEDTIME CORNER

### The Nightingale and the Crow

A NIGHTINGALE and a crow had a dispute as to which of the two had the finer voice, and as they could not agree they decided to let the ass judge between them.

There was a great trial of skill, each bird making the sound peculiar to himself. The ass listened for some time, and then he decided that the crow was a better singer than the nightingale.

Only those who know can judge in matters requiring skill.

### If I Were a Cobbler

If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride

The best of all cobblers to be. If I were a tinker, no tinker beside

Should mend an old kettle like me.

### PRAYER

GIVE me a peaceful night,  
O Lord, and let Thy gentle Spirit lead me through the days to come. Give quietness and comfort to our home amid the turmoils of the world and make us calm and unafraid, trusting in Thee. Amen

### HELPING MUMMIE

Betty lays the table



# Come Every One to the Garden

*There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so thick,  
There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick,  
But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done,  
For the Glory of the garden glorifieth every one.* Kipling

THE season has not yet advanced too far for schools to share in the Dig-for-Victory campaign, and the Ministry of Agriculture is ready to give every assistance to young gardeners.

To encourage those schools which are willing to do their part, here are some of the results which the Ministry has proudly placed on record. Many other examples of what our schools have done have already been given in the C.N.

The industrial towns of Middlesbrough, Sunderland, and Newcastle have won special praise from the authorities. There is little enough land available for cultivation at Middlesbrough, yet five of its schools, with about 1000 children, last year produced seven tons of potatoes and three tons of other vegetables from six acres.

Training in gardening is given as a special subject, and practical work in science teaching has included the analysis of soils, the rotation of crops, food values, and the recognition of insect pests. In domestic science courses girls have made jam from the marrows, pickles from the cauliflowers, and chutney from green tomatoes and cucumbers.

There have been school gardens at Sunderland since the last Great War, but under the guidance of the parks superintendent, and with the help of a small grant by the local authority, both teachers and pupils have broken new ground with splendid results.

## Efficient Cultivation

Twenty senior and central schools were allotted plots in four main areas, and parties of 20 pupils under a teacher from each school were sent to work two half-days a week, a general cropping plan being devised to secure efficient cultivation and maximum production. On each of the four areas a shed and tools for 40 pupils were provided.

Among the produce harvested and sold were 55 tons of potatoes, 1000 pounds of peas and beans, 132 pounds of onions, 1600 pounds of other root-crops, and over 10,000 heads of the cabbage tribe. The children bought all they required at a cheap rate, the balance being bought by the

domestic science centres and the school canteens at market prices.

A cinema film 400 feet long has recorded this splendid work, from the surveying of the land to the harvesting and storage of the crops. It has been the pride of all taking part in it, and an incentive to schools wherever it has been shown.

More limited in scale, but not less praiseworthy, was the effort of the under-elevens at Edgefield School, Newcastle, where, under the guidance of the headmistress and the caretaker, the soil over two air-raid shelters was made to produce vegetables sold for over £14 in 1940 and £20 last year. A heavy clay soil, deep snow, and biting east winds have had to be faced, but a life-long love of growing plants has been instilled into the minds of these young folk.

## Praiseworthy Schools

Other schools which have received the Ministry's praise are:

Dunvant School at Swansea, where some of the vegetables from its two acres are preserved and dried in the science room.

Preston, where the corporation has given 33 ten-rod plots to 58 boys under 18.

Stockton, whose boys have won a National Allotment Certificate.

Gainsborough, where from four acres 200 boys and girls supply vegetables winter and summer to the school canteens, from which the waste is handed to a group of boys who run a pig-club.

And Weston-super-Mare, where London evacuees have grown 50 tons of roots and 50,000 other plants.

Among individuals named are 13-year-old David Read of Whitton, who took over his father's plot and won four prizes at the Twickenham show, and ten-year-old Gerry Baldwin of Earham, who spends his spare time and his pocket money on his five-rod plot and hopes to produce some fine outdoor cucumbers this summer.

The C.N. wishes all these young gardeners a good season. They are warriors of the Home Front, saving tons of shipping at sea, and making life a little safer for us all on land. May their numbers greatly increase, and their harvests grow more and more.

# DOMESTIC BLITZ

SPRINGTIME is here again, to gladden all our hearts; and so, of course, is spring-cleaning time to sadden them.

To poets this is the season of dancing daffodils and gentle-sighing zephyrs; to housewives it is the fleeting time of prancing mops and glistening pails.

The great Domestic Blitz begins, with dust and dirt as the mortal enemies. Floorboards quake and strong walls creak as mops and brooms and brushes advance to the attack, strongly supported by soap and water and paint. (Not too much soap, please, this year.) The battle is on and wives enjoy themselves, knowing full well that they will emerge triumphant. But their husbands for the most part are not so happy.

Imperfect creatures that they are, men like to see a little comfortable dust about the house, and never quite enter into the spirit of this breathless struggle. Homes become places where they are more than ever in the way, and to a certain extent they find themselves in sympathy with the carpets—those other poor downtrodden things which are being roused from blissful inertia for an annual beating.

## A Golden Opportunity

All this, of course, is more or less a picture of normal times. In this third year of the war most wives have much more urgent tasks, and most husbands are wishing spring-cleaning was the only interference with their comfort. Nevertheless, spring-cleaning will still go on after a fashion.

And this year it can mean much more. If the cleaning-out process be made also a clearing-out, much help can be given to the war effort. It is a golden opportunity for Salvage.

It is the ideal time to search for unwanted metal and rubber and paper. Let those old books and papers be thought of not as heirlooms to be cherished, but as dust-traps to be banished; above all, let them be regarded as the vital needs of Britain.

Metal, rubber, paper—we all have some that is useless to us and invaluable to the country, and nothing should lie idle in our homes that could be serving on the battlefield. The more we salvage, the better spring-cleaning will have been worth while.

## The Cow That Fell Down a Well

From Saxmundham in Suffolk comes the story of a cow named Polly who fell into an old well 25 feet deep, and had to be rescued by a well-sinker. The animal was saved unhurt, and walked home to be milked after the operation.

The well-sinker let down a ladder which rested on the cow's back, and he thus describes the operation:

"Polly was pleased enough to see me, and seemed to sense what I wanted. She tried to shift her head and help me get a rope around it. All the time I was perched on her back in a well only 4 feet in diameter. By our tackle we hauled Polly up head first, and finally manhandled her clear of the well. For a moment she lay exhausted. Then she jumped up and made for the cow-shed."

All's well that ends well.

# What Our New Primate Thinks

OUR new Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Temple, has striking views on political and social development which he has set out in a shilling book entitled Christianity and the Church. We give a few extracts from this work which shows that we may expect a very decided lead from the new Primate.

**Money.** Since money is primarily an intermediary, it should not be possible to make a living out of its manipulation. There is as strong a case for the Bank of England and the joint stock banks being publicly administered as for the State monopoly for minting money.

**Work and Leisure.** Every citizen should have a voice in the conduct of the business in which he works; every citizen should have sufficient daily leisure and two days of rest in seven.

**Unemployment.** Unemployment is the most hideous of our social evils, and the worst evil is its creating in the unemployed a sense that they have fallen out of the common life. That thing has power to corrupt the soul of any man not already far advanced in saintliness.

**Politics.** Politics is largely a contention between different groups of self-interest with the haves and the have-nots. There is nothing wrong with profits as such.

**Producer and trader** are both entitled to a profit as a means of livelihood which they have earned by service to the community.

**Holidays.** A holiday should be regarded as a time of recuperation for better service. Real extravagance is wrong, but to splash a little on holiday is thoroughly right and is a duty.

# The Corkscrew With Nothing to Do

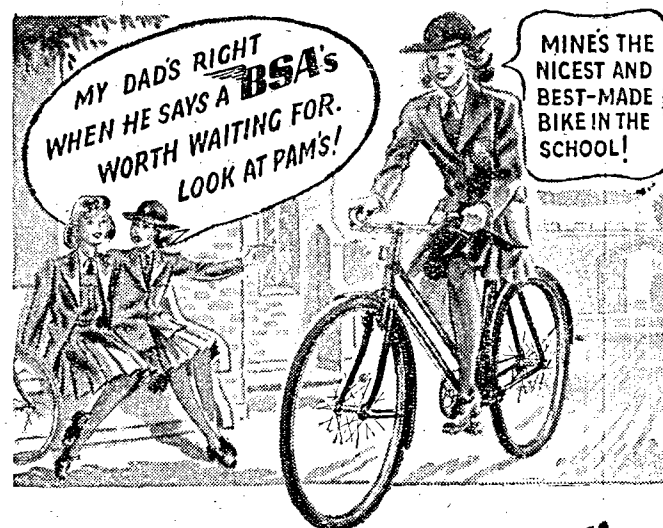
THE news that the R.A.F. has dropped incendiaries over cork forests in Sardinia has shown the importance of this wonder bark in warfare.

While the best cork comes from Portugal and Spain, the Axis powers are making good use of the forests in Sardinia for aeroplane fabric and in building refrigerator plants in Germany; hence the reason for the incendiaries.

Because the world's supply of cork is now being used in the construction of battleships, lifeboats, and seaplanes, housewives are warned to take good care of old bottle corks or they may have to banish the corkscrew to a bottom drawer till the war is over.

America is so worried at the cork shortage that the Department of Agriculture has planted experimental cork forests in parts of Southern California. But it takes 30 years before this evergreen tree is ready for stripping, and, unfortunately, this process can only be repeated every ten years.

Fine cork is impervious to air and water, over half the total volume of a piece of cork being just air. There are millions of tiny watertight cells in this substance, and each cell is filled with air. Because of its extreme lightness and buoyancy and the fine insulator it makes against heat and cold this wonder bark has the reputation of being Life-saver Number One.



BSA's are scarce to-day

... because the splendid materials that go into them are needed for special wartime uses; and of course munition workers must have first chance of those that are being made. We know you won't mind waiting a while for your B.S.A.—you'll find it well worth waiting for. A B.S.A. stays shiny-new much longer, and every single part is perfectly finished.

You can still have a free catalogue if you write to—

Opt. N4/3, B.S.A. CYCLES LTD., Birmingham 11

Ask Your Dad to put Your name down for a BSA

# ROVER KNEW WHAT TO DO

JOHN FRENCH's friend is his dog Rover. They were on a hunting trip not long ago in a Newfoundland marsh with four other men, when John and Rover went ahead of the rest to retrieve a partridge.

Man and dog had not gone very far when they suddenly vanished from sight in a ground fog. The watching men could hardly believe their eyes, and shouted to John to see if he had really done the vanishing trick. As there was no reply they started searching.

For two days and two nights they scoured the marsh in the cold, drizzling rain, firing rifles now and then, but only the echo of the shots came back. When

they had almost given up hope they heard a dog barking, first far away and then nearer. It was Rover, who bounded up to them, his tail wagging with delight. He led them to where John was lying unconscious.

Back in camp, John told how he had become suddenly enveloped in fog and had completely lost his bearings. He walked aimlessly until too exhausted to move, and then crawled under a bush. Before he lost consciousness he felt something covering him; it was Rover digging up moss and leaves and putting them over his body. Then he felt a weight on top of him; it was the brave dog lying on him to keep him warm.

**BRIGHT**

THE knife-grinder met an old friend.

"How are things with you?" asked the friend.

"Splendid," was the reply. "Everything's as dull as can be."

**False Report**

*BRAGGED a boastful old Pig.*

*"By and by I'll be renting a splendid new sty!"*

*But his rage was profound When a rumour went round That he now had a sty in his eye!*

**Magic Arithmetic**

ASK someone to write down a number of three figures, the first figure being larger than either of the others. Now say that the number must be reversed and subtracted from the first. When this is done you say that you will give the result of this subtraction if you are told only the last figure of it.

This can easily be done because the middle figure is always 9 and the sum of the two outside figures is always 9, so if we are told one we know the other. Here is an example that makes this quite clear:

732

237

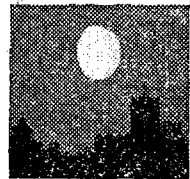
495

**SEA SALT**

IT has been stated that if all the sea water in the world evaporated the beds of the oceans would be left covered with a layer of salt 170 feet deep. The water of the Dead Sea contains about 25 per cent salt.

**Other Worlds Next Week**

IN the evening the planet Neptune is in the south-east, and Jupiter, Mars, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-west. In the morning Venus and Mercury are low in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, March 29.

**IT IS A FALLACY**

to think that London is emptied of children, and is disproved by the large attendances at the Sunday Schools of the East End Mission.

We do all we can to look after them, distributing warm clothing, boots, and food and giving medical attention—so much needed at this season of the year.

Will you and your parents please share in our constant endeavours? Gifts gratefully acknowledged by THE REV. PERCY INESON, EAST END MISSION (Founded 1883) Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1.

**Walters'**

**Palm**

**Toffee**

Control price **5<sup>d</sup>** PER QUARTER

**DELIGHTS • STRENGTHENS • SUSTAINS**

# THE BRANT TUB

**Voices of Birds**

THERE are definite names given to the voices of many birds. Here are some of them.

The turkey gobbles. The falcon chants. The lapwing peewits. The duck quacks. The whitethroat chirrs. The canary quavers. The bittern booms. The linnet chuckles. The goose hisses. The blackbird whistles. The chaffinch pinks. The swallow twitters. The jay chatters.

**ANNOYING**

BLACK: I suppose the Chief was annoyed when you reminded him I leave next week?

Green: Yes, very much. He said he thought it was this week.

**Do You Live in Rutland?**

RUTLAND probably stands for rootland, and is a reminder of the time when this region was full of roots and stumps after the forests had been felled.

**A Strange Thing**

ALL seek me, and all misuse me. All have me, some longer than others. I pass quickly and yet I live for ever. I am invisible, yet you know when I pass. You cannot perform even the smallest action without me.

**How Turner Wrote His Name**

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, born at Covent Garden in 1775, the son of a barber, began to draw while still a child, and became the

*John Turner*

greatest of all landscape painters. His colour has never been excelled. He died at the age of 76.

**Tale of Two Tails**

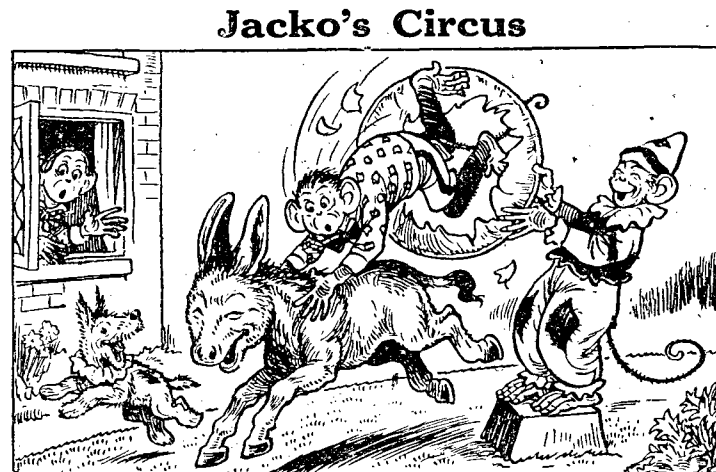
HE was a rat, and she was a rat, And down in one hole they did dwell, And both were as black as a witch's cat, And they loved one another well. He had a tail, and she had a tail, Both long and curling and firt. And each said, "Yours is the finest tail In the world, excepting mine."

He smelled the cheese, and she smelled the cheese, And they both pronounced it good.

And both remarked it would greatly add To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out, And I saw them go with pain; But what befell them I never can tell.

For they never came back again.

**Jacko's Circus**

JACKO and Chimp thought they'd have a circus of their own. They borrowed a donkey, and when they had made a paper hoop and dressed themselves up the show began. "You hold the hoop," cried Jacko, "and I'll jump through it. Ready?" He gave a great leap, and landed—well, not quite as he had intended.

## A LITTLE LESS BREAD EVERY DAY

*The Boy Talks With the Man*

**Boy.** It is said that if everyone in the country (every man, woman, and child) saved half a slice of bread a day it would provide space in our ships for enough steel to make ten thousand 25-ton tanks.

**Man.** Well, I have not worked it out, but see no reason to doubt it. There are so many of us that the statement is probably true, and even if it is exaggerated it expresses a great truth, that we must save shipping space. It is important that you refer to steel.

**Boy.** Why is that?

**Man.** Because we do not produce enough steel in a year to make all the ships and tanks and machines and guns that we require. Modern war creates a gigantic demand for steel, and few among us realise that while we have plenty of coal we have not enough iron ore to fill our requirements.

We can go farther and assert that, if the world demand for steel continues to grow we are within measurable distance of an iron ore famine, which will seriously interfere with our building methods, in which a skeleton of steel is faced with brick or stone. Fortunately, that can be met by changing building methods, but in the present war crisis we can only deal with things as they are; it is imperative to save shipping space.

**Boy.** But even though we save space for wheat by putting more of the wheat grain into bread we could not do it twice. Are there other articles which could be economised?

**Man.** Fortunately, there are. One of the chief of these is petrol, which wholly depends on shipping and has become the main mover of ships. Mineral oil and its derivatives are obvious subjects

for rigid economy and supplies for civilians have been reduced.

When you consider that day by day our gallant seamen are risking their lives to bring oil over the seas to us there is no excuse for using it liberally for pleasure journeys or for delivering goods from shops. We shall have to fetch what we want for ourselves and relieve the shopkeeper. Our Minister of Aircraft Production has stated that by quartering our present delivery van services we could release ten million gallons of petrol every year and thus save our tankers (a special target of the submarines) nearly seven return journeys across the Atlantic. Do you think our people realise that?

**Boy.** Certainly I do not. Is not lack of understanding the secret of waste in wartime?

**Man.** Undoubtedly we have grown so accustomed to having plenty thrust upon us that we fail to realise our precarious situation. We have come to a point at which it is for those who understand the issue, and who are in a position to save us from ourselves, to act. And, after petrol, why not curtail smoking and drinking. If we are to give up our chocolates, surely we can give up some of our cigarettes, to say the least.

Anyhow, there must be a saving of shipping space wherever it is possible, whether in food or materials, and the sooner the economies are made the less we shall feel them in the long run. The war calls for attack, and attack can only be accomplished if we have the ships to convey the men, to reinforce them, to supply them, and to feed them. Let us regard every half-slice of bread we can save as something to enable the attack to be made.

The Children's Newspaper, March 28, 1942

**BILLOWS FOR PILLOWS**

"WE have lots of fun," the Small Fish said,

"Ere we go to sleep in the ocean's bed."

"What games do you play?" the Big Fish cried.

"Why, of course we have billow fights," he replied.

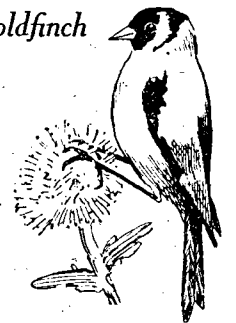
**CORRECT**

SHE: How long is a short circuit?"

He: As long as it is short.

**FRIEND OR FOE?**

*Goldfinch*



THE beautiful goldfinch is happily increasing in all parts of the country, thanks to the protection acts and the dying fashion of keeping wild birds in cages. This is all to the good for everyone concerned, as this gold, red, and black bird exists almost entirely on weed seeds and wild fruits, particularly the heads of thistle-down. It also eats a small proportion of insects and grubs, and does no harm in field or garden. It is a wonderful sight to see a "charm" of goldfinches merrily twittering in their metallic way as they flutter from patch to patch of thistles in the autumn.

**LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS**

**Soldiers & Sailors**  
There were 200 sailors and 1050 soldiers.

**Reversed Rivers**  
Seine, Arno, Elbe, Congo, Tiber, Nile.

| FILM    | HAND |
|---------|------|
| OASIS   | R    |
| ALTO    | TIDE |
| TO      | RI   |
| CHIMNEY | DRY  |
| RAY     | PA   |
| ALICE   | CEDE |
| NEGRO   | N    |
| PEAL    | ENDS |



## Doctors and Nurses recommend 'California Syrup of Figs'

They know it to be a perfectly safe and natural fruit laxative. It ensures gentle but thorough action and the kiddies love its delicious flavour.

When your child gets cross and peevish, has a coated tongue and a headache, all that is needed to restore health and happiness is 'California Syrup of Figs,' Nature's own laxative. The wise mother follows the advice of doctors and nurses and gives a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative each week. Obtainable everywhere. Be sure to emphasize 'CALIFORNIA.'